

43.  
A  
VINDICATION  
OF THE  
PROTESTANT  
Petitioning Apprentices,

FROM THE  
SCANDALS  
Cast upon them by a Malitious  
PAMPHLET  
TERMED

A Letter of Advice.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Janeway in Queens-Head-Ally  
in Pater-Noster-Rom. 1681.

# VINDICATION OF THE PROTESTANT

BY  
J. H. B. B. B.

IN A  
SERIES OF  
LETTERS

TO  
THE  
ROMAN CATHOLICS

AND  
OTHERS

BY  
J. H. B. B. B.

AND  
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IN  
A  
SERIES OF  
LETTERS

A  
**VINDICATION**  
 OF THE  
**PROTESTANT**  
**Petitioning Apprentices, &c.**

**I** Know not whether I should repute it my good or bad Fortune, being lately in a Booksellers Shop, to cast mine Eye on one of that innumerable Fry of ridiculous Libels, which have been lately, by the indefatigable Industry of the Popish Party and their Favourers, dayly disperst about the City and Kingdom; some being brought home by the good Ship *St. Peter*, in many Rich Voyages to *Tyber*, and the Coasts of *Babel-Mandel*: others like *Salamanders* bred in the Fire, and shot through all *England*, to batter the Forts of Liberty, Property, and the Protestant Religion; and not a few deliver'd from the Popes Ware-house, according to the best account of Modern Geographers, within a days Journey of *Fetter-Lane*, where (as 'tis probably conjectur'd) is now resident the Deputed Power of the Key, to permit the entrance of falsehood, and exclude all that has any thing besides the appearance of Reason and Verity: These being of late so frequent, and hardly esteem'd of any use but to underlay Tarts, or meaner Offices; I should rather have accounted it worthy of scorn, than the trouble of Animadversions, and Refutation, seeing the very Mint wherein it was Forg'd took away all fear of finding any Truth in't, did not the impudent provocation which he has foisted in at the end of his borrowed Doggrel, Challenge some notice, least he should persuade himself none dare to impugn him for fear of *Bank-blowing*, as their Champion terms it. But let them know that the Lovers of the True Protestant Religion, and of their chief Defenders (under God and the King) Free and Legal Parliaments, are not yet by all their Devilish Machinations, so discourag'd, but that they dare yet Answer their malicious Pasquils, and patiently enduring all Affronts at present, hope for that day of Retribution, when *Babylon*, and all its Assistants, shall infallibly be rooted out.

Sir, I am none of those Vermin which you term Pentionary Scriblers (though that Title may perhaps suit some persons more Honourable than my self;) neither does the Cause need any such, it being only an humble and chearful presenting the Lives and Fortunes of no inconsiderable part of His Majesties Loyal Subjects, to his Service; Nay more, I can truly averr, that I am so far from any thought of that baseness (only fitting the Betrayers of their King and Country) that at present not one of these Loyal Protestant Young-men, either know my Person, or the Design I am embarked in. 'Tis the Love to Truth and my Country, every day abus'd and vilified by these Factors of Popery, and consequently of Slavery, both equally unsufferable to the generous Free-born *Englishmen*, which has been the sole motive of this undertaking.

But to leave Apologies, and come to the matter in hand: He begins his doughty advice with a piece of thunder-thumping stuff, as if he were practising to exorcise some Devil or other out of his Readers; and such a company of Hectoring, Bumbastick Expressions, so many Rhodomontades he has stufft his Introduction withal, as if he fancyed himself Transfigured into the Valiant *London-Apprentice*, that killed two Lions in King *Nomans* Court, and after the knocking out his Sons Brains, Married the Daughter, whose Successours, if you Read the Chronicles of Knight Errantry, remain Emperours of *Noland* to this day.

But indeed all this terrible horrible Rhapsody (which by its high Language, must be supposed the product of some Chimny-Sweep-Boys Ingenuity) if better weighed, dwindles into nothing but a conceited commendation of his own Party, and disgracing, and bespattering the other: The Petition of the first he terms the Loyal proceedings of the greatest, and best bred part of the *London* Apprentices: and the same Action of the second, the Disloyal proceedings of ill minded men, and persons disaffected to the Government, the King and Kingdom. As to that Party which were lately Treated, and Carressed by the Favours of Great men, here stiled (with his accustomed Arrogance) the greatest and best bred part of the *London* Apprentices, we shall soon evince by their own confession and acknowledgment, that those who Presented the late Paper, were so far from being the greatest, that they were but an inconsiderable number in comparison of the Subscribers to That since promoted. The *Gazet*, 'tis true, (if I am not mistaken in the word) reckons them at several thousands; but *Thompson* himself (who is known of old to be old-Dog at false Musters) in his Intelligence writes them two thousand, plainly expressed in Figures; whom how much the Hands to the late Petition over-balance, is obvious to every Intelligent Enquirer. Nor is this the only falsehood in this Expression, (for *Thompson* makes nothing of Printing two lies in one breath) immediately after they must be the best bred too.

The Authors word is Authority enough for this vaunt, at least, if you won't accept it, you are like to get no better: 'Tis true if we esteem Skip-kennels well bred, who commonly are better fed than taught, or if we account Swearing and Damming among Genteel Accomplishments, they may justly pretend to it, for surpassing all others in that Qualification.

For my part -- *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

Much good may it do 'em with such Gentility! I suppose few of the contrary side have the Ambition to be in that sense commended for their breeding. This truth is so evident, that no person of Ingenuity (except the Author) dare contradict it: but what will not some persons undertake? 'twas not long since, that a Pamphlet defended them from this imputation, affirming it only a scandal of the *Whigs*.

Upon that point I can speak confidently my self, having heard some of their great Zealots, who when the hot fit takes 'em, would be thought very Devout, Swear, and Dam their Opposers to the Pit of Hell, Cursing as if they were Devils Incarnate, or had learnt the Language of that place which groans for 'em.

But to back these expressions of the greatest and best part, he must needs put in a word of their Loyalty too, and make that word the distinguisher betwixt the two Parties. This, by the Thumbing of it by the Papists and their evident Defenders, is now grown quite thred-bare, and as it has lately been observed of another word, is wrested to a thousand several senses, and indifferently signifies according to the pleasure of the User.

Ask a Papist the reason of his Plots, he will tell you Loyalty: Ask Madam *Cellier* the Product of her Abortive designs, she replies Loyalty, and the bringing over great men to that Party. Ask the reasons of all Villanies, Perjuries, Assassinations, &c. an answer is ready in Budget, all out of pure Loyalty. Nay this word so strangely intoxicates, that a man can't take a Dram of the Bottle over and above, and be put in the Enchanted Engine, but he pleads he is Confin'd for his Loyalty. The word, Sir, it self is not sufficient; let's have the Thing as well as Name. Loyalty is indeed such an Obedience to Superiours as is warranted, and required by the Fundamental Laws of the Realm; all that exceeds, is but superfluous, and unnecessary, and such another business as the Catholicks Tool of Supererogation.

To such persons that will always be over-doing, that may very well be apply'd, which not long since a person eminent in the Church of *England* (no Whig I'll assure you) wrote of their Predecessours.

There are (says he) a sort of men, who maintain that Kings may impose what Taxes they please without Parliaments, and that Subjects are bound under pain of Damnation to pay them; a Principle Introductory to Tyranny and Slavery. And (he goes on) I protest my self as to dissent in Judgment from these, so not to be at all Ambitious of their Favour.

Thus far he. And I leave to any unbiass'd Judgments to consider how well this squares with some at present exceedingly active, and elevated. Who makes use of this practice more than the Popelings? And good Reason for't too; seeing there is no visible way for them to escape but by crying Whore as loud as their Accusers, and so endeavouring to render their Testimony invalid: Let us consider how highly their Pretended



pretended Loyalty has been lately shaken by the Depositions of *Oats*, and others. Did it not admirably suit with their Allegiance (not to go so far as King *James* his days) to forsake the tottering Throne of the *Stewarts*, and proffer to Establish the Crown on an Usurpers Head, for Liberty of Conscience? Was not he too an extraordinary pattern of that virtue, who was intrusted with the payment of the reward offered for the Apprehension of His Majesty, that now is, at his flight in the late unhappy Troubles? Both special Indications of their inviolable fidelity.

But it may be objected, What is this to the matter in hand? The Catholicks, poor harmless Souls! Don't concern themselves in the business: what is't to them whether the Petition proceeds, or is quash'd? they never meddle with the Animadverting, nor disliking it; 'Tis only the action of some Honest, Loyal, Well-bred, Civil Protestant Lads, who abominate the Faction's contrivances of the disloyal party. But if you will but consider how terribly those grand disturbers of our Peace, do by reason of their foul misdemeanours, dread a Parliament, you may rationally conclude, that as their Interest engages them, they will strenuously obstruct any design which may but endeavour to procure their speedy Convention. They clamour against Petitioning, as the very Tokens of that Infectious Pestilence, Rebellion: They insinuate 'tis our duty quietly to wait in silence till our Superiours think convenient to redress our Grievances. If this holds, then a poor Cripple, or Lazar, must stand in the street with Arms a cross, never making known his Indigencies, nor imploring relief. Will not the Majesty of Heaven be Petitioned for those Blessings which he confers on his Creatures? And though he knows our wants, will he supply them without our asking? Nor will (as we may thence infer) his Viceroys, and Substitutes in the Universe, if they are like their great Pattern and Emperour, satisfy the wants of their Subjects, unless they desire it.

Our Author next does very cautiously (as he would have us believe) avoid enforcing the same Arguments against this Petition, which were formerly brought to hinder his own forsooth, to prevent Scandal! 'Strange! How tender his Conscience is grown? The very reason why he persuades us that he resolves not to meddle with them, is least they should burn his own Fingers, and be justly retorted upon him: For if they hold against such as submissively implore what very few have the Front to deny we exceedingly want, much more against such who signify their satisfaction in the Dissolution of the two last, or the Concomitants and Productions thereof, which has already involved us in so many miseries; though the case is now altered, for 'tis one thing to submit to the inscrutable and more severe dealings of a Father, and another to rejoice in them, and thank him for them.

Yet while he pretends to pass by these Reasons, he enforces the strangest and most Cogent amongst them by a fallacious Paraleipsis; viz. That 'tis the highest presumption for an inconsiderable company of Raw Nonsensical Boys, to Counsel the Wifest, Best, and Justest of Princes.

This might, after the new way, be only answered by Retortion; but there is a clearer refelling it than so. The inconsiderableness of their number may be guesst at by what has been already written, viz. the comparing them with their Antagonists: The upbrading them with the opprobrious Titles of Raw and Nonsensical, is not sufficient Confutation, no more than the Countrymans was, when he cry'd out, *Bellarmino*, thou lyest! And 'tis a Question whether the following Epithets proceed from Hypocritical Flattery, or Real Obedience. But again, let us Consider, if they were such as we are made to believe, the Parliaments Wisdom might be sufficient to Direct 'em. Some perhaps have not yet forgotten with what just severities they Prosecuted the Infringers of the Subjects Indubitable Right, and many will be apt to take their United Judgments, before the Authors single Opinion.

One would think if these Persons had any Ingenuity, they would at last leave off their Tedious and Unsufferable Clamourings of 41, 48, Reformation, Sedition, Rebellion, especially when they Rake up the Ashes of their Parents, and Disturb their own Fathers Urns: For 'tis observable that many, yea most part of those who so incessantly Rayl at the Proceedings of Former Ages, had their near, and often very nearest Relations actually Engaged in many of those Transactions: These, not unlike the Pharisees of old, build the Sepulchres of those Martyrs whom their own Ancestors made so.

The next thing (Gentlemen) this State-Quack, this small Retaylor of Politicks Presents you with, is an excellent piece of old Doggrel; Ple assure you he'll afford you a Lumping-Penny-worth, and well he may, Reckoning he had it only for Fetching.

This faine ( Gentlemen ) is a kind of a strange Mungril-Linsley-Wolfey Poem, 'tis an Historical Poetical Prophetical Satyrical account of the ungracious Lads Proceedings about 41, and in 81. Use it which way you please, Gentlemen, 'tis like Pricking in the Girdle, or the Oraculous Responses at *Delphos*, to be taken e'en which way you think fit. *Poets Acrida*, &c. was but an old Song to it, 'Tis a meer *Janus* with a couple of Wooden Faces, one before, and another behind ( e'en let him keep the last for himself. ) But however, such as it is, if the Muses be Propitious, it shall anon Receive an Answer, in Spite of the Authors *Come on if you dare*. Presently after, he struts up with a Riddle me, Riddle me, There you shall have me, and there you shall have me; with a Terrible *Dilemma*, Blunderbus-bore, ready Cockt, and Charg'd, to fire upon occasion. If these Raw, Nonfensical Youths had been so Impudent and Audacious as to have Presented their Desires immediately to the Throne of Majesty, I warrant you they would have been a Company of unmannerly Illbred Fellows, to Presume to interrupt more Urgent Occasions with their five Eggs, and Four of them Addle. If they are more modest then their Neighbours, and make a Friend with Persons of Quality to offer their Humble Request, what is't but meer Guilt, and Knowledge of their own unworthiness, that made them so shame Faced. The plain truth on't is, that our Antagonists are so Devilish witty, and slippery withal, that there is no dealing with them, nor holding them, but as *Dunstons* did the Devil, by his Nose, with a pair of Pincers. Well, this 'tis to have the advantage of Genteel Education, and good Breeding?

Would it not be convenient for a Taylors Apprentice, with a Skain of Thred over his Shoulders, instead of a Gold-Chain, or Collar of *SS*, with his Ring on his Finger, instead of a Diamond; his Yard in his Hand, instead of Sword by his Side, to Trudge to *Windfor* with his Petition like a Bill ( and perhaps as wellcome too ) Desiring payment upon sight, because Trading's bad, and his Master is out of work?—How decently would it appear, if every Country Lout should bring his Two shillings to his Majesty for Chimney Money, and Doffing his Cap, and making a Scrape, Fumble in his Greasy Pouch for two Ninepences, and a Sixpence, but not let 'em go till he has Received a Receipt in full, and a Discharge from the beginning of the World to this day? Would not your Wisdoms judg it very pretty for *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Dick*, Tag, Rag, and Longtaylor to come Running up from all the Burroughs in *England* with their Papers Trayling at their Tayls, worse Bescrould then the Gothick Chronicles, with the Runick Character. Indeed this Contrivance might be convenient, if Ten, Twenty, or Thirty Thousand Hands could Dwindle into half a Score of his Worship's Tennants, whose Leaves must be Snapt if they wont put their Paws to a Remonstrance against the Parliament. Such a Company as these might cry God Save the King, without Deafning the Courtiers, tho the Clark of the Parish were there too, with his Stretch'd Amen. The Honest Apprentices Resolve to keep their Shop-boards, ( as they have often been advised, ) but in the mean time if the House is like to be Burnt about their Ears, I hope they may Desire the Masters of the Parish to let the Engin be Produc't, which can alone probably Extinguish it.

If our Sovereign ( as they confess, and none dare Deny ) be an Encourager of honest things, why do they exclaim against Petitioning as being uncivil, and unmannerly? If Petitioning be Dishonest, why did they lately use it?

Should we have tarried till our betters went before us? For our parts though you are so wise that you think none above you, we judg the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councel, and most of our Masters, might have been as good, and wise as our selves; but we are beholding to you for our Rectification.

If the Protestant Apprentices challenge the other into the Field, 'tis indeed, as you word it, very Tacitly; for none but the Author had ever any such Surmises ( unless the Loyal *Irish* make a Swear against 'em. ) But 'tis this that Enrages the other Party beyond Measure, that having Presented their Address to His Majesty, as the fence of the City, at least of all the Apprentices, they are exceedingly Disturb'd least by the Contrary Action of the Major Party, His Majesty should be Disabus'd, and they justly Checkt for indeavouring to impose on him, whom their own Mouths have so oft Termed Sacred.

The Author Closes his Worshipful Harangue with some Hypocritical Advices to such as may already know not only their Duty to their King, but to their Countrey too, ( which is more then he himself does ) and who perhaps would esteem the Favours of great ones, if not Procured without the Detriment of the Publick, as much as others. But all these pretended Kindnesses and Deceitfull Addresses, if the hopes of good men, and them of graver Years, and wiser Heads than mine ( as the Author Phrases it )





The Vintners Face his Ingeny discloses ;  
 Phœbus and he alike have Scarlet Noses.  
 Observe their Knacks ! they yield sufficient pleasure :  
 They'll vend their Poems in full weight and measure  
 The Honest Clothier hangs his wretched Tilters,  
 And at a high-flown Rhapsody adventures.  
 But yet among th' Inventions of the Time,  
 I wonder none have learnt to Swear in Rime,  
 Since some in Prose have that advantage made  
 By this ; that 'tis now found the richest Trade ;  
 Yet can they practise what's as bad, or worse :  
 'Tis common grown to slander, lie and Curse.  
 Go on brave Heroes, Hell has ownd your Cause :  
 Affront the Church, the Gospel, and the Laws !  
 Disown your Rights, pull Magna Charta down,  
 And on a Popish Bigot set the Crown.  
 To Hell and Rome at once your Topsails lower,  
 Your Bonnets vail to their united power.  
 Where two such Princes do their Intrests twist,  
 You'll think't not worth the Labour to resist.  
 Strive not to stem the Tide, submit yourselves,  
 Quietly split upon the Romish shelves !  
 Dam'n all your Souls, betray your Country too !  
 Whatever your Superiors bid you, do !  
 No matter whether Just, or good, no no ;  
 Let this suffice that they will have it so.  
 Thus, in good time, a curse intail'd may be  
 On you, and all your baser Progeny.  
 But you, far Nobler Souls, who'll sooner dye  
 Than both renounce your Church and Liberty,  
 Whose free-born Spirits know not how to slaw,  
 And whose Obedience is prescrib'd by Law.  
 Let Traytors rage in vain, and vent their Gall,  
 The time is coming, Babilon must fall.  
 Slight all affronts : do not your wrongs resent :  
 Heaven grant you may continue patient.  
 Them you will overcome, when you contemn,  
 The way to Conquest lies in slighting them.  
 If thus you live, the happy time draws nigh  
 That brings a total glorious Victory.

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FINIS.